LITERARY EXAMINER.

Song for the Season.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
But we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the coloring of Autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the laced-wing fly!
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm!
Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,
And many a spirit like thine will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and painting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, the morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue;
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh! well will it be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves!

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
The West wind over the land and seas,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze!
So music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while Memory grieves
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower,
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go as the Autumn leaves

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts strown thickly o'er,
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed, where the branches are shed,
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!

The Truest Friend.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,—
Of all *we ever had* the chief!—
A friend, who watching from above,
Whene'er in Error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust;
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But in each need, His hand doth lend;
That friend, that truest friend, is God!

The Religion of Paris.

Speaking of my friend, the Abbe, brings to mind his character and pursuits. He used to remind me of that good Abbe of Ile de France, who advised and condoled with the widowed mothers, and who figures in a long black robe, and broad-brimmed hat, in all the illustrated copies of "Paul and Virginia." But, my friend did not wear habitually his Church uniform, for his care had been a large one in the country, and he had come like all Frenchmen, to the city for relief: he has even ventured upon a nice haunch of mutton with me upon Friday. For all this, he had far higher respect, and love for the spirit and observances for the Religion of the Metropolis, than I ever had myself.

Religion at Paris, always seemed to me more of a sentiment than a principle:—that is to say, their Religion has more the liveliness of a feeling, than the earnestness of absorbing duty. Except at times of funeral, one sees few earnest faces in the Parisian churches; they, the worshippers, do not leave wholly their gayety at the door. They listen to the prayer and to the discourse, attentively—rarely can you see more of attention; but it seemed to me always an attention fixed upon the eloquent lapse words, or some sweet mental image of the Virgin; an attention made grateful by the presence of the pictures, and the groined arches overhead, and the fragrant odors of burning herbs;—an attention, it may be most devout, with some fancied or real presence of God in the soul,—but very rarely the attention of what Protestants call "a broken and contrite heart."

No people would be so intolerant of unadorned churches and poor preaching, as the Parisians. Nor would they altogether fancy the scolding habit of the Scotch presbybyters; they mean to be happier after a service than before it. Why a sad man should go to church to come away sadder, is what they cannot comprehend. I remember that Madame de Sevigne, in one of her letters to her daughter, gives this admirable comment upon one of the sermons of the great men of her time:

"Il fit le signe de la croix, il dit son texte; *il ne nous gronda point;* il ne nous dit point d'injures; il nous pria de ne point craindre la mort, puis qu'elle etait le seul passage que nous eussions pour ressuciter avec Jesus Christ——*nous fumes tous contents.*' Ninon d'Enclos might have heard the same doctrine, and said as much of it, and as truthfully. And it is true of a great many discourses, which have not the redeeming excellences of Bourdaloue.

There is no such thing as Religious bigotry known at Paris;—this would seem strange to a man fresh from such pleasant reading as the Chronicle of St. Bartholomew. St. Germain l'Auxerrois is still standing, and its tower is still standing, from which, on that dreadful August night of 1572, went out the first signal for slaughter;—but at the foot of it now, as you enter the door, an old man with a gray shock of hair is standing, and sprinkles Holy water on you, from his horse-hair brush. Innocent-looking priests glide up and down upon the pavement, and the sunlight streams through the stained windows,—and it seemed to me, as I saw it flickering in rainbow colors over the gray columns,—a sort of token, a new "covenant with promise" that no such Bartholomew slaughter should come again.

Every man in Paris seems satisfied with his own Religion, and very careless about his neighbor's. Every sect follows its peculiar observances without hindrance; nay—the very church where the most zealous Calvinists worship, was granted them by the crown, and enjoys a stipend from the Government. Scarce is there a Protestant church in the kingdom but receives some degree of administrative support. Even the first man in authority in the realm—M. Guizot, is a Protestant. And amid all the hatred to which that minister is subjected, by his peace policy, one hears no odium thrown upon his Religious belief.—This is a thing apart—a thing speculative—a thing for noble reflections—a thing to lend a little mystery to verse—a sublime episode to life—a thing to render beauty attractive by adding devotional sentiments—a thing to add a little grace to companionship, by an unseen, but fully accredited tie;—little else of Religion is recognized at Paris.*

The Sunday at Paris is richly illustrative of the Religious tendencies of the people. It is the festive day of the week. The authorities give their finest military displays in the court of the palace;—the fountains of the gardens play in their best style;—the shop windows wear their richest appearance;—the theatres show their best pieces; and the galleries of art are crowded with their gayest company. Yet it is not forgotten by the Parisians that the day has a sacred purpose. At the morning mass,—at an hour when many good Protestant people are dallying with sleep,—the pavement of Notre-Dame, and the Madaleine is covered thick with kneeling worshippers, who say their beads, and say their prayers with the earnestness of true devotion.

I have many a time leaned against one of the beaded columns of the Madaleine, when the sun was just beginning to throw slanting rays through the windows of the roof, and listened meditatively to the broken chantings by the altar, or watched the comers, as they dipped their fingers in the Holy font, stepped lightly along the marble floor,—crossing themselves as they passed opposite the altar, and bowing to the sacred image,—throwing a single rapid glance over the kneeling company, then stooping gently till their knees met the marble pavement, and began their silent Worship.

Perhaps it would be some poor girl seizing those early hours, before the employ of the shop began, and hoping by the favor of the Virgin, under whose image she prays, for a happy stroll at evening with her lover, under the trees of the Champs Elysees.—Perhaps it is some lady in rich dress, with gold-clasped service book,—for there is this Religious beauty in the Catholic Church, that rank and wealth lose themselves amid the "crowd of witnesses," and there—the Countess kneels, with a begging woman kneeling beside her—and they beg together for Grace.

Perhaps it is a gay postillion, in his crimson-faced coat, who now comes tip-toeing along, looking grave, and crossing himself, and kneeling in a humble place, and gazing steadfastly upon the image of Christ that is over the altar. For a little time, his soul seems absorbed in the view, but now his eye wanders over the frescoes of the ceiling—the little bell tinkles—he remembers himself, and bows his head. Now he rises and wanders stealthily to the door,—dips his hand in the Holy water,—turns his face to the Virgin—bows—goes softly out—and in an hour thereafter, is shouting French oaths to his horses, on his way to the borders of France.

Perhaps it is a stout Sergent-de-ville, striding about with his chapeau under his arm, that meets your eye. His looks wander over the kneeling forms. He is least religious of all. If he prays, it is hurriedly, as if it were not his business, and he kneels, as if he rarely knelt. The people come and go, till the sun is fairly up in the sky, and the crowd disperses.

Sunday is the great day at the Cafe, and Restaurant; on no other day are their gains so great. The savings of the week, are lavished upon the indulgencies of Sunday. Whoever dines upon a knuckle other days, luxuriates in a fricandeau on the *Dimanche.* Whoever dines at moderate prices the six days, dines at the Trois Freres the seventh; and who drinks ordinary wine the rest of the week, on Sunday orders the best.

The garden of the palace is full to overflowing;—Versailles is crowded with Parisian company, and the Gallery of the Louvre on no other day is so thronged with visitors. The stall-men of the Champs Elysees, with their cakes, and games, and swings, drive their best bargains on Sundays—the necromancers, and sleight-of-hand men under the trees, are always at work on Sunday. The public balls are fullest—soldiers are plentiest along the walks;—omnibusses charge double prices;—and the public conscience seems lighter upon Sunday than any day of the week.

Parisian Religion with all that is good in it—and its tender devotional sentiment is good, and its charity and liberality are good, has yet very little about it of that sturdy self-denial for "conscience sake," which makes the Protestant Religionist moral. Indeed, so much is Religion at Paris a sentiment, and so little a principle, that it seems to adorn even profligacy; and the poor girl, thrown loose upon that luxuriously rolling tide of Paris life, with eyes tearful before the Virgin in Notre-Dame—prays for constancy; and would as soon be without her crucifix, as without her lover.

Of the priesthood, there are without doubt very many who are vicious, and perhaps as many—certainly many, who are pure.—There are, it may be, many worthy, and well-meaning souls, in valleys of New England—possibly in other valleys—looking ever on Papacy as a scarlet-clad harlot, or a spotted beast, who will not accept even my Protestant testimony, to the fact, that human sympathies sometimes dwell under a Papal priest-robe. Yet however sad the truth may seem—it is even so. Nay—Orthodoxy itself, sometimes lifts up its voice in Papal pulpits at Paris; and I am sure I have heard as honest doctrine as that of Massillon, in the discourses of to-day; and he who looks on Massillon as an unbeliever, has something to unlearn.

But the strong Protestant may find pure doctrine at Paris, beside such as may be winnowed from Romish sermons, through the colander of his prejudices,—in the very heart of the city, at the Oratoire, may be heard, every Sunday, the sternest Calvinism. The seats are always full: there are Swiss faces, and Saxon faces, and not a few French faces; and the hymns that are sung so quietly, and yet in so heartfelt a way, offer grateful contrast to the astounding music of the church of St. Eustache.

There is the little chapel of that Church of England which sends its Chaplains to every capital of Europe, and which offers up its prayers for Her Majesty, and the realm, under every sky, and on every sea. A bishop reads those prayers at Paris; and one may listen—an American wanderer may listen, to good, sweet, home-sounding English, in performance of those sacred offices, which, if he be of New England education, are bound up in some measure with his being.

Religious truth is not so closely treasured in the hearts of the Parisian world, as that its ministers can exercise any considerable control over the public feeling. Intercourse between clergy and laity, seemed friendly and familiar—rarely dictatorial on the one side, or slavish on the other.

Many a time have I been with the good-natured Abbe, of whom I have spoken, on his parochial visits;—for there were some sheep of his old flock, who had found their way, like himself, to the Capital.

At the top of five pair of of stairs in a dark street near the Louvre, in a very old hotel, lived a quiet, deaf man, who had seen the Swiss guard shot, down in the palace balcony, from his own window—who wore a grizzled brown wig, and the seams of sixty years in his cheeks; yet the old gentleman always bustled about in the liveliest possible welcome, whenever the Abbe paid him a visit. A matronly-looking woman, in spectacles, the mistress of the house, always arranged a big arm-chair for the Abbe, and the three friends used to discourse together, and the tabby cat to pur upon the hearth—for all the world, as if they were true New England gossips; and just as three old people might do, who study Canticle and Catechism, instead of Confessional and Creed.

The old, deaf man, prided himself on speaking six or seven words of English very fluently; but whenever I got beyond—good night, Sir—or, fine day, Sir, his deafness grew upon him wonderfully.

A letter had come in one evening from a young English girl, who had been a protege of the old man's, but who had now gone back to her home. The Abbe translated it for him: it was a sweet letter, and touched the old man's heart; and I shall never forget the expression, with which, when the letter was ended, he repeated her name after the Abbe, and said—*chere fille!*

I did not then know the story of her association with the old man, or it would not have seemed so strange; it was told me afterwards, and if I was not writing notes of travel, I should take the trouble to set it down.

Clerie was a noble-hearted young fellow; another friend of the Abbe's, the only son of a wealthy gentleman, who lived some thirty leagues in the country. He was studying for the priesthood at one of the Parisian colleges; poor fellow! he never served his priesthood here.

——I had come back from the Auvergne, full of life, and went through the old corridor in the Rue de Seine, to see my friend the Abbe. He opened the door softly, and wore his priest-robe, and a solemn look; he shook my hand warmly, but pointed to a gray-haired man who was writing in the corner, and put his finger on his lip.

Who is it? said I

Clerie's father, said he.

And where is Clerie; said I.

He died last night! and the Abbe put his finger on his lip, and turned to the old man. The old man was writing to his wife, telling the mother how her only boy was dead. It was hard work to do it. No wonder that he bit the end of his quill; no wonder that he pressed his hand hard upon his forehead; no wonder the Abbe put his finger on his lip.

So, thought I, Death's gripe is very much the same thing here, that it is everywhere else; and Religion, whatever it be, and however it soften, can not take away wholly the edge from human sorrow.

Mais il est heureux—but he is happy; said the Abbe; *il avait un bon cœur*—he had a good heart.

And so there are a great many good hearts in Paris, though the Religon, as I said at the beginning; and the Abbe must pardon me; always seemed to me more of a sentiment, than a principle.—*Fresh Gleanings, &c.*

* In his argument for the support of Christianity, Chateaubriand uses this remarkable language:—La Religion Chretienne est la *plus poetique*, la plus humaine, la plus favorable a la liberte, aux arts et aux lettres, que le monde moderne lui doit tout, depuis l'agriculture jusqu'aux sciences abstraites; depuis l'hospice pour les malheureux, jusqu'aux temples batis par Michel Ange, est decores par Raphael.

The English Language.—It used to be the fashion to say that English—our own cartilaginous tongue, as a quaint writer styles it—it is an unmusical language; and even Byron, whose own melodious verses show the infinite power and variety of our language, does not, in one of his moments of impertinent caprice, hesitate to describe it as

"Our harsh northern, whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all."

Yet this is most ludicrously untrue. English is to the full as noble and copious a tongue as that "miraculous language," the ancient Greek, and like it the appropriate vehicle to give forth to an admiring world,

"Man's towering thoughts in lofty language dressed."

Besides, with the solitary exception of the Greek aforesaid, which is beyond all criticism, and compare, it is the most musical of languages that the children of clay have ever yet learned to use. That is to say, when properly and fully pronounced, judiciously read, or wisely and feelingly recited. But the fact is, not one in every ten thousand—nay, peradventure not one in every hundred thousand—know how and feel how to do justice in reading or recitation to our English tongue. Men may learn most hings abroad in schools and colleges; but he secret is to read English well, the boy must learn to read at home, under the guidance of gentle and accomplished parents, who know how to read themselves, and have music in their souls. Read well, and you will disclose passages to the charmed ear in prose and verse—in Bacon, in Bolingbroke, in Burke, in Shakspeare, in Spencer, in Milton, and, in a host of others, the leaders of our mighty literature—which are altogether unequalled in fervor, grace, and melody, except in Greek.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Punch says: It may be proper to state that the distinguished personage, known among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*, has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money, as well as love affairs.—It may be as well to state that he has exchanged his darts for dollars, as he now finds the jingle of the latter quite as effective as the keenness of the former.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves: but they have no idea of your excellences, to which they have no pretensions.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

Birds.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Joyous and happy creatures—
Roamers of earth and air—
Free children of the woods—
Bright glancers o'er the floods,
Your homes are everywhere;
Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,
Making of nature's loveliest things a part.

Ye are upon the mountains,
With proud and lonely flight;
Ye are upon the heath,
The dear blue heaven beneath,
Singing in wild delight;
The rock doth shelter you, and many a nest,
Amidst the ledges by the lake, doth rest.

Ye skim the restless ocean,
White plumed, like fairy things;
Ye haunt the inland river,
And the sweeping willows quiver
With the rustle of your wings;
Through the dark pines your homeward way ye take,
Or drop to your lone nests in bush or brake.

To you morn bringeth gladness—
The first red flush of day,
Breaking your rest, appeals
Unto your hearts—unseals
The silent songs, that lay
Like dreams, within you through the quiet night,
And now bursts freshly forth to hail the light.

You slumber with the sunset—
Scarce doth the day wax dim—
Scarce doth the first star glitter,
When from your nests you twitter
Your happy vesper hymn;
Like one who, to the woods her lone way winging,
Fills the deep night with her impassioned singing!

Solemn are woods at midnight,
When through the heavy shade,
Scarcely a moonbeam finds
An entrance where the winds
Stir though each green arcade;
But dear to you that safest solitude,
Where on your rest no mortal may intrude.

And joyful is your waking,
Amidst the sighing trees,
In the sweet matin hours,
When smile the opening flowers;
What want ye more than these?
Ye seek no praise—your songs as sweetly sound,
As though a crowd of worshippers stood round.

Ye are the poet's emblem,
So doth his song gush free—
So winged and glad his spirit,
Doth his high gift inherit,
Pouring its melody
Beneath clear skies, and if they darken, keeping
Song ever in his heart, though it be sleeping.

Sleeping, but not forever,
Still to new life it springs,
When hope's sweet light doth waken,
And care and fear are shaken,
Like dew-drops from his wings;
And 'midst the flowers and trees with sunshine glistening
He hath his own reward, though none be listening.

A Seaman's Observations in a Crowded Street.

Captain Cuttle, also, as a man of business, took to keeping books. In these he entered observations on the weather and on the currents of the wagons and other vehicles, which he observed, in that quarter, to set westward in the morning and during the greater part of the day, and eastward towards the evening. Two or three stragglers appearing in one week, who "spoke him," so the captain entered it—on the subject of spectacles, and who, without positively purchasing, said they would look in again, the captain decided that the business was improving, and made an entry in the day-book to that effect: the wind then blowing (which he first recorded) pretty fresh, west and by north; having changed in the night.

An Arrogant Husband: the first wife and the second.—Towards his first wife Mr. Dombey, in his cold and lofty arrogance, had borne himself like the removed being he almost conceived himself to be. He had been "Mr. Dombey" with her when she first saw him, and he was "Mr. Dombey" when she died. He had asserted his greatness during her whole married life, and she had meekly recognized it. He had kept his distant seat of state on the top of his throne, and she her humble station on its lowest step; and much good it had done him so to live in solitary bondage to his own idea. He had imagined that the proud character of his second wife would have been added to his own, would have merged into it, and exalted his greatness. He had pictured himself haughtier than ever, with Edith's haughtiness subservient to his. He had never entertained the possibility of its arraying itself against him. And now, when he found it rising in his path at every step and turn of his daily life, fixing its cold, defiant, and contemptuous face upon him, this pride of his, instead of withering or hanging down its head beneath the shock, put forth new shoots, became more concentrated and intense, more gloomy, sullen, irksome, and unyielding than it had ever been before.

Who wears such armour, too, bears with him ever another heavy retribution. It is proof against conciliation, love, and confidence; against all gentle sympathy without, all trust, all tenderness, all soft emotion; but, to deep stabs in the self-love, it is as vulnerable as the bare breast to steel; and such tormenting festers rankle there as follow on no other wounds, no, though dealt with the mailed hand of Pride itself, on weaker pride, disarmed and thrown down.

Such wounds were his. He felt them sharply in the solitude of his old rooms, whither he now began often to retire again and pass long solitary hours. It seemed his fate to be ever proud and powerful: ever humbled and powerless where he would be most strong.

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To the moody, stubborn, sullen demon that possessed him his wife opposed her different pride in its full force. They never could have led a happy life together; but nothing could have made it more unhappy than the willful and determined warfare of such elements. His pride was set upon maintaining his magnificent supremacy and forcing recognition of it from her. She would have been racked to death and have turned but her haughty glance of calm inflexible disdain upon him to the last. Such recognition from Edith! He little knew through what a storm and struggle she had been driven onward to the crowning honor of his hand. He little knew how much she thought she had conceded when she suffered him to call her wife.

A Death and a Burial.—A shadow even on that shadowed face, a sharpening even of the sharpened features, and a thickening of the veil before the eyes into a pall that shuts out the dim world, is come. Her wandering hands upon the coverlet join feebly palm to palm, and move towards her daughter; and a voice—not like hers, not like any voice that speaks our mortal language—says. "For I nursed you!"

Edith, without a tear, kneels down to bring her voice closer to the sinking head, and answers:

"Mother, can you hear me?"

Staring wide she strives to nod in answer.

"Can you recollect the night before I married?"

The head is motionless, but it expresses somehow that she does.

"I told you then that I forgave your part in it, and prayed God to forgive my own. I told you that the past was at an end between us. I say so now, again. Kiss me, mother."

Edith touches the white lips, and for a moment all is still. A moment afterwards her mother, with her girlish laugh and the skeleton of the Cleopatra manner, rises in her bed.

Draw the rose-colored curtains. There is something else upon its flight beside the wind and clouds. Draw the rose-colored curtains close!

Intelligence of the event is sent to Mr. Dombey in town, who waits upon Cousin Feenix, (not yet able to make up his mind for Baden-Baden,) who has just received it too. A good-natured creature like Cousin Feenix is the very man for a marriage or a funeral, and his position in the family renders it right that he should be consulted.

"Dombey," says Cousin Feenix "upon my soul, I am very much shocked to see you on such a melancholy occasion. My poor aunt! She was a devilish lively woman."

"Mr. Dombey replies, "Very much so."

"And made up," says Cousin Feenix, really young, you know, considering. I am sure, on the day of your marriage, I thought she was good for another twenty years. In point of fact, I said so to a man at Brooks's—little Billy Joper—you know him, no doubt—man with a glass in his eye?"

Mr. Dombey bows a negative. "In reference to the obsequies," he hints, "whether there is any suggestion——"

"Well, upon my life," says Cousin Feenix, stroking his chin, which he had just enough hand below his wristbands to do; "I really don't know. There's a mausoleum down at my place, in the park, but I'm afraid it's in bad repair, and, in point of fact, in a devil of a state. But for being a little out at elbows I should have had it put to rights; but I believe the people come and make pic-nic parties there inside the railings."

Mr. Dombey is clear that this won't do.

There's an uncommon good church in the village," says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully; "pure specimen of the Anglo-Norman style, and admirably well sketched too by Lady Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays—but they've spoilt it with whitewash, I understand, and it's a long journey."

"Perhaps Brighton itself," Mr. Dombey suggests.

"Upon my honor, Dombey, I don't think we could do better," says Cousin Feenix. "It'son the spot, you see, and a very cheerful place."

"And when," hints Mr. Dombey, "would it be convenient?"

"I shall make a point," says Cousin Feenix, "of pledging myself for any day you think best. I shall have great pleasure (melancholy pleasure, of course) in following my dear aunt to the confines of the——in point of fact, to the grave," says Cousin Feenix, failing in the other turn of speech.

"Would Monday do for leaving town?" says Mr. Dombey.

"Monday would suit me to perfection," replies Cousin Feenix. Therefore Mr. Dombey arranges to take Cousin Feenix down on that day, and presently takes his leave, attended to the stairs by Cousin Feenix, who says, at parting, "I'm really excessively sorry, Dombey, that you should have so much trouble about it;" to which Mr. Dombey answers, "Not at all."

At the appointed time Cousin Feenix and Mr. Dombey meet and go down to Brighton, and representing, in their two selves, all the other mourners for the deceased lady's loss, attended her remains to their place of rest. Cousin Feenix, sitting in the mourning-coach, recognizes innumerable acquaintances on the road, but takes no other notice of them, in decorum, than checking them off aloud, as they go by, for Mr. Dombey's information, as "Tom Johnson. Man with cork leg, from White's. What, are *you* here, Tommy? Foley on a blood mare. The Smalder girls"—and so forth. At the ceremony Cousin Feenix is depressed, observing, that these are the occasions to make a man think, in point of fact, that he is getting shakey; and his eyes are really moistened, when it is over. But he soon recovers; and so do the rest of Mrs. Skewton's relatives and friends.—*Dickens' Dombey and Son, for October.*

Bulgarian Ladies.—We were much startled in the course of the morning by the most terrific screams, which were suddenly heard to issue from the cabin, and made us all fly to the rescue under the belief that the Bulgarian ladies had somehow sustained some frightful injury; but we found that the whole disturbance had been produced by the entrance of a waiter amongst them when they were all unveiled; and when he was questioned as to the cause of his intrusion, the origin of this tremendous uproar proved to have been rather amusing. They had turned the cock which let off the water, and had seemingly been much amused at seeing it flow in consequence; so much so, that they let it run till it had positively flooded the whole cabin, and the streams of water passing under the door had shown the waiter in the passage what was going on. He called, shouted, and remonstrated in vain from the outside, and finally, in despair, had burst in upon them to rectify their imprudence. I paid these poor women a visit this morning, and I was much struck, amidst all the untutored savageness of their nature, with the refinement of tenderness which they displayed towards their children; but this is, indeed, the only channel in which all the deepest and purest feelings of human nature can flow for them. They are prisoners and slaves, debarred from society, from knowledge, almost from the light and air; they know nothing of the world without; and this is the only one of earth's kindly ties from which they are not altogether cut off; from their parents they are generally separated young, their brothers they never know, their sisters are sent to another harem. Occupations they have none beyond dyeing of their nails and the painting of their eyebrows; and the excitement attendant on the difficulty of making the fine black lines meet precisely at the proper place is, I presume, their greatest amusement. It is, therefore, in the exercise of their maternal affections alone that they can lavish all that has been given in all lands to a woman's heart of devotedness and energetic love. The care and sympathy for others, which form her chief enjoyment of life, and those powers of endurance which make her, weak by nature, yet so strong when called upon to suffer for another, would be all vain and useless for the harem slave, were it not for the poor little helpless being who, clinging unconscious to her breast, prevents the blessed well of tenderness within from closing altogether. *Sketches among the Greeks and Turks.*

A country surgeon, who was bald, was on a visit at a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him a considerable time, the doctor said, "You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig." To which the servant replied, "True, sir; but an empty barn requires no thatch."

Deference is the most complicated, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Insect Architects.—The ground-spiders may well be ranked among the wonderful native architects of Australia; they are of various sizes, and differ in their color, form, and markings. They hollow a circular hole in the earth, adapted to the size of their body, and more beautifully formed and perfectly round than any engineer with all his scientific instruments could have made it. Within, it is nicely tapestried with the finest web, woven closely over the wall of this subterranean withdrawing-room, the depth of which I never accurately ascertained, as at a certain distance they seem to curve, or perhaps lead into a side-cell, where the feelers of fine grass I have introduced could not penetrate. Some of these tunnels terminate at the surface with merely a slight web spun over the grains of soil close to the aperture, as if to prevent their rolling into it; the holes being from one-sixth of an inch to an inch in diameter. Some of them boast the extraordinary luxury of a front door; these I imagine to be rather first rate kind of spiders, and their doors are as beautiful instances of insect skill and artifice as any that our wonder-teeming world displays to us. When shut down over the hole, nothing but the most accurate previous knowledge could induce any person to fancy they could perceive any difference in the surface of the soil; but, perhaps, if you remain very still for some minutes, the clever inhabitant will come forth, when you first perceive a circle of earth, perhaps the size of a wedding ring or larger, lifted up from beneath, like a trap-door; it falls back gently on its hinge side, and a fine, hairy, beautifully pencilled brown or grey spider pops out, and most probably pops in again, to sit just beneath the opening, and wait for his dinner of flies or other eatable intruders. Then we see that the under side and the rim of his earthen door are thickly and neatly webbed over, so that not a grain of soil can fall away from its thickness, which is usually about the eighth or tenth of an inch, and although so skilfully webbed below, the upper surface preserves exactly the same appearance as the surrounding soil. The hinge consists also of web, neatly attached to that of the lid and the box. I have the greatest respect and admiration for these clever mechanics, and though I very often, with a bent of grass or a soft green twig, try to persuade one to come up and be looked at (which they generally do, nipping fast hold of the intrusive probe,) I never was guilty of hurting one. I have picked very large ones off the ground that the plough had just turned over, and have carried them to places unlikely to be disturbed: and I generally have two or three particular friends among them, whom I frequently take a peep at. They often travel some distance from home, probably in search of food, as I have overtaken and watched them returning, when they seldom turn aside from hand or foot placed in their way, but go steadily on at a good swift pace, and, after dropping into their hole, put forth a claw, and hook the door too after them, just as a man would close a trap-door above him when descending a ladder.—*Mrs. Meredith's New South Wales.*

Forthcoming Books.—"*An Essay on the Succession to Property vacant by Death;* by M'Culloch—*including an inquiry into the influences of Primogeniture, Entails, &c., over the Public Interest.*"—In a very different walk of literature, Mr. Martineau, has ready a second volume of his most remarkable *Evidences after Christian Life*, the first portion of which acquired so much celebrity among ecclesiastical scholars. The ever-tantalizing chimera of the authorship of *Junius* has lured another explorer in the person of Mr. David Travena Coulton, who devotes a goodly volume to the speculation; but if the Stowe library contains, as is said, the real evidences of the secret, and that great collection is to come to the hammer one of these days, as appears inevitable, the crochet has been taken up rather *mal apropos*. The wise Duke of Manchester, is issuing some special intelligence in reference to the Apocalypse, under the title of the *Finished Mystery*, in which he combats the theory of one Mr. Browne with great polemical gusto. The author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, Mr. Taylor, has a book nearly ready, called, *Notes from Life, in six Lessons*, the said lessons headed in very Carlylish style, viz: Money Love, Life Practical, Life Poetic, &c.

The tea question is likely to be extensively elucidated by an account of its culture and manufacture in China, about to be issued by Mr. Ball, late inspector of teas to the East India Company in China, and who brings a twenty years' experience to the task he has undertaken, of showing the extent to which the commodity may be prepared for the European markets. The title of Miss Martineau's book (alluded to some months back) is to be, "*Eastern Life, the Present and the Past, on the Nile, in the Desert and on the Holy Hills,*" and is to be in three volumes.

Leigh Hunt is first in the field with a Christmas book, (*A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,*) portions of which have already appeared in one of the magazines, but the whole will now be issued in a pocket volume, illustrated by Richard Doyle. The eternal and interminable James has *another* three volume affair, to be called *The Convict;* Morier a novel called *St. Roche;* some one signing himself the Hon. F. B. a novel, called *Harden Hall, or the Three Proposals;* a three volume autobiography called *Jane Eyre;* another volume of Southey's *Doctor;* a volume by the author of *Handley Cross*, called *Hawbuck Grange*, with sketches by Phiz; and several others of minor moment. In addition to these, the *Athenæum* to-day communicates much very valuable information of this nature respecting the assistance Sir Robert Peel has afforded Lord Campbell in the forthcoming Life of Eldon, and similar assistance in the Lives of Loughborough and Erskine, by the present representatives of those Chancellors; and, lastly, that Hallam is ready with a supplemental volume to his *Middle Ages. Liverpool Albion.*

Discovery of a New Work by Cervantes.—"A distinguished literary writer, Adolpho de Castro," says the Cadiz *Nacional*, "has just discovered a little work from the pen of our Michael Cervantes Saavedra: it is entitled, 'El Buscapie,' and commences with the words, 'This graceful little work, called Buscapie, wherein, besides his excellent doctrine, are enclosed all the concealed and non-declared things achieved by the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, is written by the famed Cervantes Saavedra."

The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armor into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

I know not whether increasing years do not cause one to esteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

The vacant skull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

A Comprehensive Garment.—Then there is the "Omnium Coat," which will do every thing in the world for the owner, except pay the tailor for the making of it. It is a full dress, undress, shooting, riding, walking, drawing-room, fishing, counting-house, wedding, mourning, night, noon, and morning coat, and would serve for a winding sheet in case of emergency as to linen. The wonder is that all tailors who don't make it are not in the *Gazette* long ago, though it has only been discovered a month; for it is preposterous that anybody should be without it, seeing that with it and a pair of straps, an unexceptionable toilet for large or small parties, public or select, may be made impromptu. The inventor, to be sure, speaks of a new description of unutterables, he had hit upon in a moment of inspiration, and which, he says, "require no brace, fit spontaneously," and do a variety of other things only to be expected from pantaloons educated by the author of the "Omnium Coat." But the "Omnium Coat" is clearly so complete a fit-out in itself that it would be derogatory to the reputation of the discoverer and to the taste of a discriminating customer, were anything else in the shape of cloth to be hinted at as necessary to complete the attire. Something akin to this marvellous is the "Enarmostic Shirt" with which, it is quite unnecessary to say that no cravat need be worn, for the name of the thing is a choker in itself.

The "Enarmostic Shirt" is cut on mathematical principles, and is warranted to fit any figure. One would think, however, that it would not do for a nervous man at all, with such a name; and in most cases if a man were as strong as Hercules it would prove a shirt of Nessus to him, if he were the least degree bashful. Another is the "Nulli Secundus Shirt," but what sort of a thing it really is the patentee does not say, thinking that *that* name is sufficiently astonishing till the applicant comes to look at the article, and finds out its remaining wonders for himself. As might be expected, a far higher and more metaphorical turn of mind characterizes the bulletins of the mantuamakers and milliners; but these are matters compared with which the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, or of Capel-court, at the present moment, are open subjects, and be they tremblingly eschewed accordingly.—*Liverpool Albion.*

He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gamboled in the day of his youth, is a *stranger* to the *sweetest impressions* of the human heart.

Ask to borrow sixpence of the Muses, and they tell you at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

A miser, if honest, can be only honest, bare weight.

AGRICULTURAL.

Good Cows.—Nothing upon a farm is so valuable as a good cow. And it should be a constant effort with every true farmer to seek the best breeds and feed in the best manner; for herein lies the soundest economy. Very much has already been accomplished for this important interest; but much remains to be done. While we are strongly inclined to believe that no better cows can be found—we mean for milk, than selections from the natives, we feel quite sure that great advantage is also to be derived from the best importations, provided the best mode of keeping be imported and understood also. For here is the real secret—the feeding and keeping of the animal.

The famous Oakes cow, owned in Danvers in this State, may be mentioned as very remarkable; she produced 29¼ lbs. of butter in a week. In 1846 her butter was 484¼ lbs. She was allowed 30 to 35 bushels of Indian meal a year; she had also potatoes and carrots at times.

A cow owned in Andover, in 1836, yielded $67,38 from the market, besides the supply of the family. The keeping was good pasture, the swill of the house, and three pints of meal a day.

A cow owned by Thomas Hodges, in North Adams, produced, in 1840, 425 lbs. of butter. Her feed was one quart of rye meal and half a peck of potatoes daily, besides very good pasturing.

A cow owned by S. Henshaw, formerly of Chickopee Falls, gave 17¾ lbs. of butter a week, and in one case 21 lbs. This was a native without any mixture.

A cow in West Springfield is recorded as having given in 60 days, 2,692½ lbs. of milk, which is equal to 22½ quarts daily.

A cow owned by O. B. Morris, of Springfield, some weeks, afforded 14 lbs. of butter, besides milk and cream for the family. Her feed in winter was good hay, and from 2 to 4 quarts of rye bran at noon; in summer, besides pasture, 4 quarts of rye bran at night. Judge remarks, in the account of his cow, that "many cows, which have been considered as quite ordinary, might, by kind and regular treatment, good and regular feeding and proper care, in milking, rank among the first rate."

J. P. Cushing, of Watertown, has several native cows which give 20 quarts a day.

Dr. Shurtleff, of Chelsea, owned a cow which gave 21 quarts daily. The Hobart Clark cow at Andover, gave 14 lbs, of butter a week.

A cow of W. Chase, Somerset, R. I., in 1831, gave most of the season 20 quarts of milk daily; averaged nearly 14 lbs. of butter during the season. The Hosmer cow at Bedford, Mass., gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

The foregoing list consists of natives. We may also add, that there is now in West Springfield, a cow, owned by an excellent farmer, which has afforded 19½ lbs. of butter a week. But we are not informed whether this is an unmixed nature or not. In the account which is on record of the famous Cramp cow in England, a remark is made deserving the notice of all milkers and farmers. "Milch cows are often spoiled for want of patience at the latter end of milking time."

It is said a cow requires two tons of hay in a season—and should have from one to two quarts of meal a day, and about a peck of vegetables. Soiling is well adapted for the cow; grass, oats, and corn, cut green, furnish excellent food for this purpose. Carrots are invaluable through the winter.—*Springfield Rep.*

Sausage Meat.—Take the piece of pork designed for sausages, and chop it up, and if it is too fat, add a little lean beef; season with sage or summer savory, salt, and pepper; then fry a small piece to see if it is seasoned right. If you prefer not to stuff them into skins, you may take pieces of cotton cloth, eight or nine inches wide, and two or three feet long, and sew the sides together, and one end; then wet it, stuff your meat in as solid as you can, and hang them up in a cool dry place. It will keep as well, or better than in skins; when used, peal the cloth down no farther than you slice off.

Souse.—Take the chops, ears, feet, and head of a hog; have them thoroughly cleaned, boil them till they are tender, then take them up; put them in a pickle made of vinegar and water, add a little salt and a few cracked cloves roll them in flour, and fry them brown; cover them over while frying, to prevent their snapping.

Head Cheese.—*To serve up in slices, on the tea-table.*—Take a hog's head, ears, and feet, and boil them till you can pick all the bones out, then season it with salt, pepper, and a little sage, or savory: put it in a round dish, or cheese-hoop, in a cool place, and press it; when cool, it is ready for use.

Bird's Nest Pudding.—Put into three pints of boiling milk, six crackers pounded fine, and one cup of raisins; when cool, add four eggs well beaten, a little sugar, and four good sized apples, pared, with the core carefully removed. To be baked, and eaten with warm sauce.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Pare and quarter four large apples; boil them tender, with the rind of a lemon, in so little water that, when done, none may remain; beat them quite fine in a mortar; crumb in a small roll, four ounces of butter melted, four eggs, the juice of a lemon, and sugar to your taste; beat all together, and lay it in a dish with paste to turn out. Bake it an hour and a half.—*Cultivator.*